THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XIV | New York, Wednesday, August 19, 1931 | Number 16

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

A Lesson from Spain 371
Week by Week 372
Herod and the Innocents 375
Detroit and the Dole ..... John C. Cahalan, jr. 376
Seasoning the Rhodes Scholar ..... L. A. G. Strong 378
Plainsong Only? ..... Alastair Guinan 381
Now We Are Home Again ..... Dorothy Day 382
The Assumption (*verse*) ..... Charles J. Quirk 383
Arabs at Algiers ..... Gordon Bodenwein 383
Communications 384
Books ..... Catherine Radziwill, James W. Lane, R. M. Patterson, Jr., Edwin Clark, Paul Crowley, Walter V. Anderson 386

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Readers' Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1931, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

A LESSON FROM SPAIN

WE HAVE often called our readers' attention to the fact that news despatches and special articles in the secular press dealing with problems affecting the Catholic Church need to be accepted with great caution, but the exercise of this caution is of such grave importance that we make no apology for returning to its consideration. A case in point is supplied by a recent Associated Press despatch from Madrid to the effect that a committee of the Spanish Cortes has proposed not only the disestablishment of the Church, but also the expulsion from Spain of all the religious orders, and the confiscation of their property. The news was apparently accepted at face value, being given front-page prominence, and exciting much editorial comment. Yet further despatches from Madrid, quoting high government authorities, denied that the suggestion—it was that, and not a formal recommendation—of the committee in question was of any particular significance, and asserted that it certainly could not be construed as meaning that such grave changes in Spain were actually close at hand. But no such attention was given by the press to the denials of the original report as was devoted to the more sensational news. Only those Catholics who read the diocesan newspapers which publish the despatches of the Madrid correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Reverend Manuel Grana, were in a position to judge the status of the Church-State situation in Spain. Catholic readers who depend exclusively on the secular press were needlessly alarmed.

It may be well to summarize the facts supplied by the Catholic news service which were not given by the secular press, and which so greatly modify the view of the situation necessarily imposed upon those unacquainted with those facts. For example, it appears that no fewer than twelve priests are taking part in the deliberations of the constitutional committee, and that there are other groups of lay Catholic representatives, who together, of course, will act as a powerful counter-influence to the more radical Socialist and Syndicalist members. Moreover, both the Apostolic Nuncio and the Bishop of Madrid took part in the meetings of the committee which is working out the delicate and complex problem of the future relations of the State and the Church, while Don Julian Besturo, president of the lower house of the Cortes, which is entrusted with this problem, although a Socialist, "was chosen for that post almost unanimously," the N. C. W. C. corre-

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spondent reports, "since all recognize that his fairness of spirit and the idealism behind it would ensure proper respect for the Church." For these and other good reasons, particularly the strong evidences given that the Catholics of Spain have been aroused to the dangers of a situation that at one time threatened to place the extreme enemies of religion in full control of the forces of the state, and are staunchly exerting themselves on behalf of justice for the Church, "fears have been calmed to a great extent and Catholics are anticipating peace in the new régime."

Such, at least, is the view taken by a competent observer on the spot, one who for a number of years has been reporting the religious views of Spain for the American Catholic press. But the facts which support his view are, as we have said, almost wholly unknown to the readers of the secular press—a circumstance which again strongly supports our contention that international Catholic Action lacks, and must necessarily lack, one of its most potent instruments until or unless effective measures are taken to form a competent agency to bring Catholic facts and conditions (we need not consider, in this connection, doctrine and philosophy) to the attention of the secular world on at least equal terms with the news and conditions which reflect or represent the activities of the avowed enemies of the Church. We do not call for mere propaganda, in the more odious sense of that much abused term—the Catholic cause always suffers when mere advocacy is employed instead of verifiable facts; but we do think that our leaders, the bishops, should consider how best to broaden the news service now confined to the diocesan press, so that it may play a much-needed part in the formation of a public opinion based on truth, and not special pleading.

WEEK BY WEEK

NO DOUBT the most interesting occurrence of the week was the plebiscite in Prussia, organized by the Stahlhelm (Germany's American Legion) and supported by the parties of the extreme right, to determine whether the present Prussian government should remain in office. Some 37 percent of the electorate voted for the proposal, the Communists abstaining for the most part from balloting. This result considerably strengthens the Bruening ministry and justifies the belief that, for the moment at least, the Fascist wave is receding. Doubtless part of the result can be attributed to a change of heart among industrialists, chiefly in the Rhenish-Westphalian districts, who seem more willing to believe that moderate policies can see the nation through the crisis now obtaining. Even so, one cannot ignore the extreme gravity of the situation reflected in the election figures. This referendum received considerably more support than did Hugenberg's attempt to kill the Young Plan by a plebiscite; and if the full Communist strength of Prussia had gone to aid the Nationalists, success might have attended the present effort. One interesting effect of the party coalition is that the alliance between Social Democracy and the Center party in Prussia is closer and stronger than ever. The leftward tendency of the second, inaugurated by Joseph Wirth, has survived all efforts to reverse it and remains the condition dictated by events. That means, of course, that Germany is a workers' republic, moderate government of which is possible only in much the same spirit as at present actuates the American Federation of Labor in the United States.

The Prussian Plebiscite

Second to None

BROADSIDES from Secretary Adams indicate that the administration will seek to add $129,383,000 worth of ships and equipment to the navy. Most of the money, we read, is to be expended on aircraft accessories, which the United States has not developed up to the strength authorized by the London Treaty. We are not among those who believe that armament can be reduced independently of international conferences. If as much as possible has been done to curtail the size of the world's fighting fleet, it seems logical to make the most of the American share. But when we are told that the new appropriation will give employment to thousands and millions to industry, we demur. That argument is wholly beside the point and in all likelihood dishonest. If the President had to postpone renovating the White House in order to save money, there is no good reason why more should be spent on gunpowder and means for setting it off. Experience demonstrates, moreover, that the major share of profits derived from shipbuilding goes into pockets not badly affected by unemployment. On the other hand, New York City is using more than a million quarts of milk less this year, with the result that cows are being milked in vain and babies fed on substitutes. The comparative possibilities of an expenditure of $129,383,000 are therefore clear. As has been said, we do not object to the navy. But we dislike seeing it tied up with silly twaddle which cannot withstand one analytical probe.

United Business

THE STUDY being carried out by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States to determine the interest in and ideas for a permanent council to regularize employment and business, is a hopeful sign that business leaders are taking steps for coöperative effort to improve present conditions. The questionnaire which has been sent to some two hundred trade association leaders, was accompanied by a covering letter stating that business men were faced with the challenge "that American business has failed to display real leadership in dealing with the recent and current economic conditions." This charge, when it has been made unconditionally, has been unfair. Many business leaders have done their level best and have set a stand-

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ard for social-mindedness. Desires, however, have been hamstrung by necessities. It is still a competitive order in which we live, and an employer who supported his employees on a scale where everyone had a car in the garage and a chicken in the pot, as hopefully envisaged by Mr. Hoover, while rival employers did considerably less than this, would be not a philanthropist but a fool. Not only would dividends, capital resources, plant and management suffer, but soon labor would find that bankruptcy was for it, as well as for others, a vital disaster. Mr. Farrell of United States Steel, in a lonely attempt against disastrous competitive practices, in his now famous speech said some pointed things about selling for less than cost. But true as they were, and much as his associates might concur with him, there was no effective means for arriving at an agreement on the situation. The Governor of Oklahoma's closing by edict, with the aid of the militia, oil wells in his state which were operating at a loss, is another lonely gesture which, in this instance, probably, will starve the producers in his state and benefit the companies in neighboring states.

CURRENT reports are that competition of various kinds has reduced the soft coal business to such bad shape, that an appeal is being made for its federalization as a public utility, to prevent the ruin of property and the throwing out of employment of hundreds of thousands of men. Practically every industry is faced with these last-named difficulties in a greater or less degree. Now that events have taken place, it is easy to recall ominous signs even before the 1929 debacle. Numerous companies and industries were then reporting an unparalleled volume of business, but under competitive conditions which made net profits practically non-existent. Today one-half this situation remains and the volume is gone. Remedies? Price fixing and a comprehensive and rigid scheme of economic determinism have never been successful in the past except under conditions of inhuman despotism, so that they offer little hope in the present, in spite of the claims made for Mussolini Fascism on the one hand and the five-year plan on the other. But because politics in the United States achieves only a very dubious degree of success, we would not think of abolishing our existing institutions of government and resorting to anarchism. Yet practically pure anarchism does exist in the economic order. Any amelioration of present unemployment, such as the five-day week, can be successful only if equally applied to all competing plants. The spreading out of work to be done which would result from a five-day week, the increase in purchasing through the diffusion of the purchasing power which would redound to the advantage of the whole economic machine, could reasonably be achieved only in concert, and it is difficult to see how—without a political dictatorship of industry, which would be inexpert—other than by some respected and effective council of business men, concerted and coöperative steps are to be taken.

The Jobless Army

RECRUITS for the army of the unemployed continued to pour in during the past quarter-year throughout virtually the whole country. New York, it is true, witnessed some decline in the number of applicants for jobs, but a portion of this improvement may be due to resort activities and a growing sense of hopelessness. New England, the Middle West and the South report more unemployed, and the need for maintenance funds during the coming fall and winter is generally conceded. Business recessions during this period are usually ascribed to anxiety over the situation abroad, especially the threat of German bankruptcy. Inside the United States there are some signs of recovery, most of which are summarized in the recent survey by the American Federation of Labor. This reports that "a number of consumer industries have definitely turned upward," and argues that in practice this usually means a somewhat later but approaching improvement in the basic industries. One industrial economist adds that the recent curtailment of dividends and salaries by United States Steel means that this enterprise has now fully adjusted itself to new conditions and thus set an example soon to be followed by others. Since the security markets have already largely made this adjustment, it follows that any improvement will be reflected in better earnings and prices. Let us all hope that some portion of these predictions may be verified. A little upturn would do none of us any harm.

Good Business

THE statistics for our export trade for June on the whole reflected "ole dabil" depression, with one remarkable exception. This was that the sale of goods from the United States to Soviet Russia was nearly four million dollars greater this year than the record for the same month a year ago. This is a significant development for more than one reason. First in importance seems to us the fact that trade with Russia can go on without the United States government recognizing that country, and under the pressure of business interests being inevitably put in the position of guaranteeing commercial transactions. The guaranteeing would take the form which has been popularly, or unpopularly, described as dollar imperialism. Government officials would be called upon to collect bad bills and if these reached any large proportions, the two governments would in time find themselves opposed and bickering, with all the fanfare of international journalism, hot stories, rash interviews and exaggerated excitements, which would bring in its train real unpleasantness to innocent persons. The present situation is far the simplest in compelling business men to estimate the realities of their own risks. The great service of the government has been in its emphasizing these risks. The world is at present confused enough by large ledger credit operations the effects of which seem to be unpredictable except in their aggregate habit of creating trouble and bitterness. Commerce needs

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a business slogan, we suggest, that may be extracted from the present instance: More trade and fewer book operations. Poor England, which has been fairly groveling for Russian trade with government recognition, credit endorsement, the exchange of ambassadors —not least among whom was Mr. Shaw with his lavish curtseyings, and whimsicalities and praises of the Soviets—yet complains bitterly in its press that they cannot sell the Soviets nearly as much as we do.

The Necessary Earnestness

RESEARCHES into what is the matter with Catholic scholarship in this country (and, *inter al.,* we have always felt the term "scholarship" should be "cultural influence") continue and it is well they should. According to *America,* Father Michael J. Ahern spoke on the subject in Boston and made some explanations. First of all he said that Catholics "have not been able to do the investigations in science that the non-Catholics have been able to do, because we have not had the material prosperity that they had." Next in the order of his remarks was the declaration that Irish Catholics and others worked their hands to the bone in order to give their children an education which they themselves had been unable to come by. Finally, he said, there are 27,000 priests in the United States who have done work equivalent to that demanded for the Ph.D. To our great personal regard for Father Ahern we add respect for his achievement and particularly for his ability to tell audiences what he thinks. But we submit that the problem of Catholic cultural influence in the United States, or in the world at large, is far too serious and important a matter to be disposed of entirely in this way.

FIRST of all, research is not wholly dependent on material prosperity; and if it were, many of the great laboratories and libraries are just as available to Catholics as to anybody else. Besides, many Catholic countries have been as well supplied with this world's goods as any student could require; and yet it was not out of these lands that the fruits of investigation came. Secondly, does present-day immigrant history really justify such optimism in a preponderant degree? We cannot help feeling that the Irish immigrant of two generations ago, or his Continental brother, was considerably more interested in scholarship than the majority of his descendants are today. Certainly there is now no group comparable to the Boston Irish of the middle nineteenth century. Thirdly, we not only respect our clergy, we are proud of them; but we submit that their training ought not to be compared with the Ph.D. Theirs is professional education of the best type, which aims to fit good men for the most important activity on earth, but it has been designed for the saving of souls and the administration of the sacraments. It envisages cultural influence by implication, certainly; but only by implication. We hold, therefore, that Father Ahern has not completely disposed of the issues. These are, in our opinion, the following: Modern Catholic leadership, by no means entirely through its own fault, did not reckon seriously with "cultural influence" until the pontificate of Leo XIII; in many places, investigation was improperly made the equivalent of the *libido sciendi,* though in all truth this last vice continues to merit attention; and the contemporary Catholic educational process is not organized to make the best of its forces and opportunities. We are perfectly willing to concede that there may be other reasons, but we shall have to wait until somebody unearths them.

Total Abstinence

WE SHALL await with great interest the reports of the sixtieth annual meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which met at Torrington, Connecticut, August 10 to 12 inclusive. The advance news of the convention, featured prominently by that highly alert newspaper, the Brooklyn *Tablet,* says that the convention "promises to be one of the most successful gatherings the national body has held in years." There is a widespread belief that the total abstinence movement among Catholics has declined almost disastrously since the advent of prohibition, opposition to which on the part of Catholics, no matter how well justified, having had the deplorable effect of minimizing the efforts to inculcate habits of temperance among the young, and of self-control among older people. We share this opinion, and believe that a well-organized and militant temperance movement is today one of the things which should be most zealously promoted by Catholics, especially, perhaps by those who oppose prohibition. That such a work is needed can scarcely be doubted by anyone having knowledge about the spread of drinking habits among Catholics who formerly never dreamed of any such reckless and at times excessive indulgence as has become almost conventional of late—youth of both sexes, fathers and mothers who give an example of recklessness to their children. THE COMMONWEAL has always spoken out its mind on prohibition; and it can scarcely do less in hoping that the temperance work of the Church shall again be vigorously carried on.

Expropriations

TO OUR able English contemporary, the *Tablet,* we are indebted for the amiable words of an intelligent American which well express what has, no doubt, oft been thought by visitors to despoiled Catholic shrines maintained as mere tourists' show places. In this case, the scene was the noble pile of La Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiné. A party from the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, as guests of a Grenoble group of business men, were visiting the monastery where, we are shocked to be informed by the *Tablet,* a M. Perrier is maintaining a "Home for Cuckoos," otherwise described as a hostel for "Fatigued Intellectuals." Asked what impressed him most, the American replied: "The absence of the

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monks. Yes, what one misses in this place is just the people who built it. In these splendid and impressive cloisters a visitor cannot help asking, 'Where are the men who erected this wonderful building?' It is not a question of religion with me. I am not a Catholic. It is a question of justice. When men have built for noble ends a place like this, they ought to be left to live in it. The place has no meaning without them." These words of the American struck us as being especially apt in view of the pillage and desecration of sacred places which is in progress in many parts of the world at present.

HEROD AND THE INNOCENTS

NEW YORK has been stirred by the shooting of several little children by gangsters who invaded a crowded East Side play street and fired pell-mell at one of their foes. Thousands of dollars have been posted as rewards for the capture of the guilty brutes, the police have been forced to comb the underworld as never before, and a notable hush has fallen on the guns of gangland. All this, of course, for the time being. The sources of lawlessness being what they are, a new crop of murderers and desperados will be grown with the same indifference to the factor of overproduction as prevails in the wheat fields and automobile row. But a crime like this, so truly reminiscent of Herod's massacre of the innocents, naturally arouses public feeling. And it is probable that the next time the kings of beerdom plan a minor assassination, there will be no baby carriages on the scene.

On the other hand, are we as a people really touched by the killing of little children? Gangland shooting brought death to one; automobiles are fatal to thousands. We shall quote no statistics, analyze no separate cases. It will suffice to face the central fact—that every day from one to a hundred little ones get in the path of speeding cars, are crushed to death or maimed for life. Such a toll summons to mind ancient and terrible images of gods to whom babes were tossed in sacrifice, of hideous Molochs grinning above a mound of smoking infant flesh. Yet the really amazing thing about the situation is that it is accepted casually, as something inevitable under the circumstances. Since one can't abolish automobiles, and since children will get in the way of them, is it not a case of some almost "natural plague" against which protest is in vain?

To us this conclusion seems reprehensible and thoughtless. Grant the underlying psychology of motoring, which is the only form of mechanical, high-speed transportation placed in the hands of individuals. There are no tests to tell us in advance, automatically, just how any one person will meet the hazards of the road. Time and experience alone will tell, and even these are not proof against momentary lapses of strength or attentiveness. Once concede that the highways are free to everybody with a car—and it is an inevitable concession—and it follows that entering those highways involves a definite risk. Today the element of risk is actually reckoned with so effectively that it is growing increasingly difficult to fix responsibility for accidents. "Unavoidable" is a word figuring more and more prominently in the reports. But it is unfair and antisocial to extend that psychology to children. It is wrong, deeply and viciously wrong, for the motorist to assume that little boys and girls take only the same risks he does. The odds are a hundred to one with the man at the wheel. He can say that the child ran out in the path of the car, or that it was impossible to apply the brakes, or that sudden panic caused the accident. And the child can make no reply. He is usually at fault—and therefore dead.

We suggest that remedial possibilities are within reach of the community, though some of them may hardly be easy to come by. The first group comprises applications of ordinary engineering sense to the streets most used by children—those in which they play, and those which they cross going to school or other centers. The second group is the ensemble of psychological conditions which affect motorists and children. We believe that the importance of children to the nation is so primary that such matters as traffic are subsidiary excepting on highways designed for that traffic alone. In other words, every residential street, whether surfaced with concrete or not, is first of all a thoroughfare along which families are trying to live; and it is the business of the community to see to it that every motorist respects this fact. He enters such streets as a foreigner enters another country—subject to the law in effect there. If he kills or maims a child, he ought to be regarded as unqualifiedly responsible; and if he happens to be the driver of a truck or other commercial vehicle, he should be compelled to enter such streets only during hours when it can be assumed that children are not around. On the other hand, children should be kept off traffic lanes, and when found there, penalized.

Most ways of trying to influence the psychology of motorists fail notoriously. Speed can hardly be held under what the driver himself considers safe; and the tale of catastrophes in which others have figured leaves us relatively cold. But killing children is another matter. Those unfortunate enough to have done so are not likely to forget the resultant tragedy; and the thought suggests itself that a carefully mapped out program of articles and addresses on "What It Means to Kill a Child" might drive home a necessary if melancholy truth. At least equally difficult is the task of impressing upon little ones the necessity for being careful. Children are cautious excepting in moments of excitement, over which they have little control. But if pedagogy made the point of normal concern, instead of sporadic emphasis, much could be done to make avoidance of risks a habit. These suggestions do not presume to anything akin to finality. They are designed merely to call attention once again to a sinister modern plague which might not improperly be termed butchery and socially condoned massacre.

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DETROIT AND THE DOLE

By JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR.

All but the most insensible are surely aware that "somewhat considerable is toward" in the world immediately around us. There are many statistical and many vague generalities referring to it on all sides. An uneasy, miasmic atmosphere is created. Through this Mr. Cahalan penetrates with a bright beam of facts lighting up a microcosm which may well be regarded as a typical American industrial, or urban, community. It perhaps shows salients more pronounced than in other communities, but in some degree they are characteristic. Seen clearly, they may then be dealt with by men of good-will.—The Editors.

ABOVE and about all our great American cities are indefinite somethings, vague but particular marks, which distinguish them one from another. It is as though they were endowed with personalities all their own. A famous aviator recognizes this and an airplane is called "The Spirit of St. Louis." Despite the popular insistence that we are fast becoming standardized, it would be a brave critic who should have the temerity to hold that there is little difference between New York and San Francisco, for instance, or between New Orleans and Chicago.

It is no easy matter to catch the spirit of these vague and undetermined somethings, and limit it by so many words. Nevertheless it has its own peculiar and particular existence supported, somehow, by the potentiality of matter, and of all colorful American cities Detroit has it, and has it in abundance. For proof of this, witness the city's prominence in the headlines of the country's press for the past quarter of a century and more. In the days of its opulence Detroit was the wonder city of the world. People flocked to it from everywhere. Julian Street, swinging around the circle on a delightful trip of adventure in which he was "abroad at home," called it "Detroit the Dynamic." The automobile, destined to change the trend of a mighty civilization, was king, and comedians in the vaudeville houses made jokes about the optimist who came to the City of the Straits to sell buggy whips.

Henry Ford interested a number of Detroit capitalists to the extent that they were willing to place at his disposal $10,000 to build ten automobiles. The Detroit Automobile Company was thus formed, in 1899. Later Ford was to resign from this organization, under pressure, because the ten thousand had become almost ninety thousand, and instead of ten cars not one workable "horseless carriage" had been produced. Besides, as Mr. Henry M. Leland, an engineer of wide reputation, pointed out at the time, Mr. Ford knew little about a gas engine. In 1901, Mr. Ford was again in the automobile business. In November of that year was organized the Henry Ford Automobile Company, incorporated under the laws of Michigan with a paid-in capital of $38,000. Ford was said to have $10,000 in this company. Within less than a year it also was in the process of dissolution. Mr. Ford could not agree with his partners. On June 16, 1903, there is another incorporation, and the Ford Motor Company is in existence.

The company has a capitalization of $150,000 and is anxious that the sum of $100,000 be paid in. As a matter of fact, but about $28,000 is raised. Of that amount, Senator James Couzens contributed $1,000, to make up which sum he had borrowed $100 from his sister. In this company Mr. Ford had 255 shares, paid for by patents and patents applied for, machinery and contracts. Detroit, drowsing in that atmosphere peculiar to towns founded by the Latin culture of French habitants, was about to awaken. It was in its destiny to become the most wonderful of Wonderland's cities. Wealth was to pour into it. Poor men were to become magnificently, flagrantly rich after a fashion to dazzle an Indian prince. Detroit doubled, trebled and doubled again its population. For twenty-five years and more all was as merry as a marriage bell and then, well then, things began to change, as things will in a mutable world.

I was riding westward in 1929, with an automobile manufacturer. He naively and innocently admitted to me that business was too good; that at the rate the automotive manufacturers (automotive was a new word that had crept into the language properly to dress these successful men), were going, almost twice the machines would be produced that were made in 1928. Of course, he expected no such thing but still the potential buying power of this country, as he called it, was enormous. Since then, another leader in the same industry has admitted that in 1929 a million more cars were built than could be sold. The result is history.

A stock market top-heavy with inflation crashes to the ground. Mr. Ford walks out on Mr. Hoover and his Committee on Unemployment, afterward in session, and announces to a waiting and eager world that the thing to do is not to retrench but to spend. To show that he means what he says, he immediately raises wages for common labor from $6.00 to $7.00 per day. All very well; it was a grand gesture, and a dramatic one. As a means of helping to save an alarming situation it had but one drawback: at that time most of Mr. Ford's laborers were not working, and as a consequence were drawing no wages whatever.

Big business was stumbling and the ineptitude of our so-called efficiency was becoming apparent. And in Detroit the Dynamic, something was going wrong with the dynamo. The marvelous faith of the city in itself began to be shaken. A survey of unemployment fixed the number of those out of work at 75,000; a figure which none took as accurate. It was said that

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more than twice that number walked the streets. Those who did work were employed but part of the time; split weeks were the vogue. Detroit was on the road which literally and as a matter of record, was to lead to the doors of the Wayne County Poorhouse.

Crime was on the increase. For the first time in the history of a major city, in this country at least, a mayor was recalled under the law and in July, 1930, his successor, duly elected, took office.

The new mayor, Mr. Frank Murphy, is faced by an extremely difficult situation, which he proceeds to meet as best he can. He is, as his name would indicate, of Irish extraction, is red-headed and inclined to face all issues. Formerly a judge, he has a reputation of being skilled in the law, is in his middle thirties, is honest, sincere and an orator of fine parts. It is said that he is politically ambitious, is a bit of a sentimentalist and given to undue optimism. During his campaign for election to the mayoralty he radiated good cheer and made many promises in almost every speech. In one, he made reference to "the dew and sunshine of a new day," which is a very pretty way of phrasing, but which has done him much harm. His opponents were quick to catch at this bit of rhetoric and have harped on it since. Numbered among these opponents are two of the city's three daily papers and a powerful weekly.

Among his campaign promises was one in which he pledged himself to do all in his power to find work for the unemployed and to see to it, as far as he was able, that no man in Detroit would want for food and clothes. To his credit he has tried hard to live up to these fine words. One of his first acts as mayor was to establish an unemployment committee. He caused to be opened municipal lodging houses for single men, secured a reduction in the price of milk used by the city's Welfare Department, and aided in the opening of thousands of thrift gardens throughout the city. His unemployment committee is credited by the Detroit *Times,* his sole journalistic supporter, with the good work of clothing 200,000 families last winter, of providing 2,000,000 meals for the hungry, and securing 30,000 jobs for the men and women out of work.

But the argument which has again put the one-time dynamic city in the country's headlines is that in addition to all his other activities, Mayor Murphy has put the poor of the town on a dole, at an enormous cost to the already greatly harassed taxpayer. It is claimed by those not friendly to the administration that in eleven months $20,000,000 has been expended to care for the indigent. This is probably an exaggeration, but it is admitted that at least $17,000,000 has been spent by way of doles for destitute men and their families. The cost of this municipal charity has at times run to more than $2,000,000 per month and was always more than $1,000,000.

To add to his troubles Mr. Murphy has found that the finances of the city are in no shape to stand any such strain on the treasury. The city's per capita debt is the third highest in the country, higher than that of much embarrassed Chicago. The City Controller and the city council have fixed a limit of $7,000,000 for charitable purposes for the next year. Under the direction of the city council drastic measures have already been taken to keep the welfare expenditures for the current fiscal year within that figure. The lodging houses for the single men have been closed and in one case 800 homeless men have been turned out into the streets to shift for themselves or to make application for quarters at the county poorhouse, euphoniously called the Eloise Infirmary. Thousands of families have been cut from the dole lists, and investigators are at work with the intention of still further reducing the number now receiving aid.

The town is rife with stories of fraud perpetrated on the city charities by schemers who had no legitimate claim to the dole. Stories are told of families from all over the country moving into Detroit to enjoy the open-handed benevolence of its hospitality. And one welfare worker has caused what might well be called consternation by confessing to the theft of $207,000 of the welfare funds.

Some three months ago the mayor, in an effort to cut down the expense to which the city was being put every month, made an appeal to the automobile manufacturers to help out in the welfare work. At that time he caused to be published a list of unemployed men who were participating in the dole, who had come to Detroit to work in the different automobile factories. His position in the matter was this: The employers had brought these men to the city, and the men were now, through no fault of their own, destitute; the employers were in some sense liable for the welfare of their former employees. The response to this appeal was in no manner successful. One company, to cite an instance, disclaimed all interest in more than 6,000 of its employees listed by Mr. Murphy, asserting the rest were for the most part loafers and ne'er-do-wells who had been discharged by its foremen before the depression struck the city. Another company, and according to the mayor's list the one responsible for the largest number of unemployed, some 24,000, was silent on the subject but proceeded to check up on its former men who were at the time receiving aid. Charges were hurled back and forth between the mayor and the officials of the company, after the latter had amazed the city by declaring that between two and three thousand men were enjoying the dole and at the same time working steadily in its plants, or elsewhere. Finally the dispute limited the number of men working and receiving aid to less than two hundred and fifty, with but twenty cases in which fraud could be actually charged. In the other cases it was admitted that in many instances men were working and receiving aid but that their earnings, because of the part-time week, were insufficient to maintain their families.

The situation is, today, admittedly serious, and no one seems to know of any solution. To complicate matters, it is asserted that the city is full of Commu-

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nists striving to stir up trouble to their own advantage. How strong they are, how well organized, none seems to know. I have talked to many men in authority, including the Superintendent of Police, but information is vague and meager. Newspapers not in sympathy with the mayor make light of the Communistic threat. The Detroit *Times* would have one believe that the situation is filled with dynamite.

Early in July, when it was first announced that the lodging houses would be closed, some eight hundred men stormed the City Hall. Five hundred police reserves were called and trouble was only averted when, to prevent a riot, Mayor Murphy ordered the police back to their headquarters. An effort to organize the unemployed by the Communists is undoubtedly under way but how far it has gone is problematical.

Meantime, the city faces the coming of winter with something very like dread. As this is written, the City Controller is anxiously awaiting the answer by New York bankers to his request to borrow $60,000,000. It is admitted that the Welfare Department cannot begin to care for any but its most desperate cases, and even now, in summer, there pitiful stories of abject want. During the second week of July the Detroit *Times* printed two of them. One had to do with a mother who was found living with her four children on the city's island park in an abandoned automobile. She was removed to a hospital where she died, and according to the *Times,* her death was caused by starvation. Another recounted the plight of a young man, turned out of a city lodging house and found on the street unconscious. He had been poisoned by eating refuse from garbage cans.

The city's largest manufacturer, according to published reports, made a net profit of $85,000,000 in 1929. In 1930, his earnings were $56,000,000. He is on record as being opposed to charity. In 1930 a member of his family, however, contributed $130,000 to the Detroit Community Fund, or about one-sixth of 1 percent of the 1929 profits. Recently the local banks, in accordance with a state law, have published their annual statements. Editorial comment was quick to congratulate all of them on the huge sums shown to be upon deposit and on the amazing "liquidity of their assets." Yet as I write this, the evening papers carry an account of a near riot caused by a rush of more than a thousand men to answer an advertisement for fifteen men to load cement into the hold of a boat.

SEASONING THE RHODES SCHOLAR

By L. A. G. STRONG

EACH year, as everybody knows, a number of young Americans come to Oxford and study there for an average period of three years. Owing to the circumstances in which they come, and the bequest their visit fulfils, they have attracted a degree of notice quite disproportionate to their numbers. In other words, so much ink has been spilt about them that some excuse is needed for spilling more. The excuse, if any pass, will be that most of this attention has been focused on "Rhodes Scholarship" rather than Rhodes Scholars. A deal has been written about international relationships, unofficial ambassadors and hands across the sea; very much less about how the individual ambassadors enjoyed Oxford; and next to nothing about how Oxford enjoyed them.

Setting aside "My Impressions of Oxford"—the regulation interview with the returned Rhodes Scholar in his local paper—how does the average Rhodes Scholar adapt himself to Oxford life, and how does Oxford receive him? Is he always detached, watching but not partaking in an alien culture—"My Impressions of Oxford": or is there a real justification for the title of this article?

The answer is not easy. First of all, as so many who discuss them forget, Rhodes Scholars are likely to show even greater diversity than a party of British undergraduates recruited from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and Edinburgh and Dublin and Cardiff. It may be a hopeless task to find any attribute they share, beyond the fact of being away from home and domiciled at Oxford. All we can do is to follow the course of their sojourn and see what happens to them. Dipping, then, into the experience of a Briton who, as fellow undergraduate, graduate and private citizen, has known and liked the Rhodes Scholar for some sixteen years, let us take an average quartette and see how they fare.

The Rhodes Scholar usually reaches Oxford before the start of term, and his natural home-sickness is accentuated by a deal of well-meant but rather depressing hospitality. An English luncheon given by a don's wife on a wet Sunday, a mile and a half out upon one of Oxford's suburban roads, is hardly calculated to make him feel at home.

He is not to know that a more discerning, more amiable hospitality will be offered him a little later, when he has had time to settle down. He remembers the home way of welcoming a guest, and tries not to feel blue. Thus, their racial sense quickened, the Americans mass to meet the onslaught of an older civilization. They are serious—a little too serious; for, if they knew it, the rough transplanting has for a time distorted their sense of values.

Let us follow our quartette through their first fortnight. No chance comes for them to act collectively or express any opinion till the first meeting of the Junior Common Room. This is not a very important ceremony. Its chief business is to decide what papers

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are to be subscribed for during the term, and to elect a number of officers for purposes which are mostly frivolous. Suggestions are put forward, and various speakers comment upon them. Certain papers pass as a matter of course: a big daily—most probably the *Times;* a picture paper, an evening paper, and one or two sporting weeklies. Then come the more controversial choices: unorthodox dailies, Red journals, and —others.

"La Vie!" calls a voice from the corner, and the cry is taken up noisily by a section which has its hands in its pockets and its feet on the table. There is laughter and applause.

"La Vie Parisienne has been proposed. Will anyone second the motion?"

Evidently a great many will.

"Does any gentleman wish to speak on this motion?"

The moment has come. Three pairs of eyes seek out a fourth, and a figure rises, a little white in the face, but determined.

"I should like to oppose the addition of that periodical to the list, Mr. President."

There is a hush. Curious eyes are turned on the speaker. The hint of a tremor in the harsh voice has been noticed, and there is an instant respect for the man who takes these things seriously and is not afraid to say so. But freshmen should not speak. All the meeting shows a faint, genial amusement.

The president knows his business. He does not wait long enough to let the atmosphere grow uncomfortable.

"Mr. White objects." The little contingent are surprised to find themselves already known by name, as individuals. "Does anyone wish to second this objection?"

Another American is about to rise, when he is saved the trouble.

"I," announces a self-satisfied voice near the window, "would like to add my objection to that of Mr. White."

A groan goes round the room.

Light-hearted spirits, tongue in cheek, arise and indignantly demand why a few intolerant killjoys should wish to shackle the majority with their beliefs.

"If they don't like art," cries a voice, amid cheers and laughter, "they needn't look at it."

Hubbub follows, during which the motion is quickly put by the president, and lost—very much to the Americans' surprise.

Coming out of the meeting, they are chagrined to see four or five of their seniors sauntering off, with no more than a careless nod to them. They were there all the time, then!

White cannot make it out.

"Hubberd was there," he repeats, "I saw him. I knew Hubberd well, back home. He wouldn't have stood for any of that *La Vie* stuff."

It is all very perplexing.

The next incident occurs in Hall. Each table is presided over by a senior undergraduate, who administers the college code of etiquette—often very complicated —and punishes any breach by "sconcing" the offender: that is, requiring him to provide a large tankard of beer for the table's benefit. The Americans have been given plenty of time to get acquainted with the code, but at last one of them offends in a manner which seems to call for notice. Let it be said that the offense is not a gaffe of any kind, but the joyfully received breach of a local and arbitrary rule, which varies from college to college. For instance, he may have used more than two words in a foreign language, or mentioned a lady's name.

The freshmen, nationally self-conscious, have discussed among themselves the course of action to be followed if any of them is sconced. Accordingly, when the college servant, summoned by the head of the table, comes and politely announces the sentence, Mr. So-and-So claims the traditional right of appeal to the senior Master of Arts present. Taking out his fountain pen, he states on paper his objection to providing alcohol in any circumstances whatsoever. A temperance drink to the same value he will be only too glad to provide, since, albeit unwittingly, he has offended against the etiquette of Hall.

The note takes a while to write, and the servant is waiting in polite impatience, coughing once or twice behind his hand. At last it is folded, and the freshmen's eyes all follow it on its way to the Warden at the head of High Table.

It is guest night. On the Warden's right sits a former Lord Chancellor. The Warden glances at the note, and says something to his guest of honor. All down the long table, faces lean inquiringly forward. The Warden raises his voice for their benefit. The ex-Lord Chancellor is smiling, and the lesser guests smile with him. Then the Warden turns and says a word to the servant, who bows, and returns.

"Appeal disallowed, sir. The sconce stands."

It is hard; it is unjust. Two of the freshmen call on the Warden next day, to amplify their point. He is sympathetic, and hears them out. Then he says a very few words in reply. Nothing could be more friendly, or more final.

They come away, feeling hot and clumsy and very sore.

Before their next corporate appearance in college life, the freshmen have been to a meeting of the American club. They have sat quiet, and listened to their seniors: listened with amazement and growing consternation. Are these the men they knew? That night they sit up talking till a very late hour. The bells come softly floating in, serene and beautiful. At last White gets up, yawning enormously, and goes to the window.

A sudden exclamation brings the others crowding over. They see the full moon shining down on the wet roofs and the towers. There is a long silence.

A week passes. It is the evening of the freshers' debate. In their conduct of this, again, colleges vary greatly, and from year to year. Some put up a per-

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fectly bona-fide subject. Others, such as the college our friends have chosen, either pick something absurd, or set the fresher to debate an apparently straightforward proposition which all the senior speakers have privily agreed to treat in a special manner. Thus a speaker, accustomed to the businesslike methods of an American university debate, may be called on to maintain that the earth is flat, that over-indulgence in drugs is the first requisite of moral greatness, or some equally subversive proposition; or he may find himself in the riling position of having treated with full seriousness a subject which all the English speakers unite in ragging. Mr. So-and-So has been doubly unfortunate. He was committed on the paper for the evening to maintain that "thirty-six inches do not constitute a yard." Four speakers were named in order, three Americans, and a scholar from the Midlands whose opinion of himself stands high. Besides the speakers named, it is understood that several more freshmen speak before any of the seniors take a hand.

Feeling greatly at a disadvantage, knowing neither the procedure nor the temper of the house—beyond what can be gauged from five minutes' exceedingly hilarious private business—White rises and does his best. It is a courageous effort, suffering a little from a desire to meet a silly subject halfway, and from attempts, not natural to the speaker, at the flippancy he supposes is expected of him. He sits down at last, hot and dry of mouth, while a second Rhodes Scholar rises and combats him with grave humor. The third speaker is the scholar from the Midlands; and as soon as they hear him, the Rhodes Scholars breathe more easily. At the worst they have not been guilty of such heavy humor, such complacent patronage. The audience confirms them on this point.

It is perhaps an hour before one of the seniors rises: a man of repute, well-known as a speaker at the Union. With suave and gentle mockery he cuts the ground from under the feet of all the freshmen speakers, who gasp when they realize that they have fallen into a deliberate trap. While they had taken the motion at its face value, considering the yard as an honest linear measure, all the seniors have privily agreed to read the word in the light of a very broad Elizabethan jest.

Speakers One and Two, in their reply, strive gallantly to adjust themselves to the changed conditions, but it is an uphill task. At the final show of hands they are further chagrined to observe that the majority of the audience solemnly vote both ways.

Now—hastily—before the reader cries out upon this discourteous treatment of a visitor, before his worst ideas of Oxford are confirmed, let us skip a year, and take another look at our four friends—choosing as our likeliest time the five minutes before Hall.

The first point that strikes us is that they are no longer a quartette. There is one, coming across the quad with a group of Englishmen. We hear his voice. That hasn't changed, anyway. There goes White, running, a tattered and abbreviated gown dangling behind him. He has been to a tutorial and is hurrying back to his room to be in time for Hall. He shouts something over his shoulder as he runs. There, a couple of minutes later, is the third. Number four will not be back in time. He has gone off with the college team to play against a public school some miles away.

Later in the evening, two of them stroll in for the first meeting of the Junior Common Room. White glances over at this term's American freshmen. Only a couple of them. A memory rises uncomfortably in his mind, and he scans them nervously.

A good deal has happened to him in twelve months. He has been to Paris, and to Bruges. A random letter of introduction, given him by an uncle and followed up on impulse, has taken him to Dublin. He has been made much of there, with a hospitality comparable to that of his own country, and has marveled at the accessibility of Dublin's great men. Total strangers have given up whole afternoons to showing him around. He has been taken to AE's, and has listened to James Stephens telling stories about his experiences in America. A friend made on the running track has asked him to stay part of the long vacation at his parents' Scottish country seat. He has wandered about the West Highlands in pursuit of various fauna, and experienced the unmatchable courtesy and independence of the Highlander. He has asked the way of a London policeman. He has gone, shy but self-possessed, to lunch at the house of a Cabinet Minister. The net result is that he no longer feels prickly.

His principles have not suffered. He knows now that his seniors at the American club have not forsworn their native land and its customs, as he at first hastily supposed. He is more passionately an American than ever. But he realizes the rawness of the man who came, a long year ago, resolved to carry a torch into a dark place. He has learned that an outward measure of tolerance for different customs and opinions is a first principle of intelligent human intercourse.

No one, needless to say, would contend that all Rhodes Scholars arrive in a missionary spirit. The point really is that the circumstances of his arrival tend to aggravate the American's national prejudices. Oxford will be as much on the lookout for oddities as her guests, and as easily misled.

The charge is sometimes made that Rhodes Scholars go down more "Oxford" than any Oxford man: "Oxford" being used in the derogatory sense. The American who likes his Oxford has all the ferocious enthusiasm of the convert; but he has not been seduced from one faith to another. He has merely come to value something he did not know before.

Our four friends will go home, taking with them a corner of that inexhaustible Oxford which is scattered all over the world. They will have learnt to sift out the chaff, to reject all of Oxford that is priggish and spineless and pretentious. The residue will bear keeping, and will serve them well.

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PLAINSONG ONLY?

By ALASTAIR GUINAN

SOLUTIONS of musico-liturgical problems are sometimes more remarkable and noteworthy as pieces of enthusiastic rhetoric than as bases for the practical work of the church musician. The chief protagonists of musical reform content themselves with offering plainsong as a panacea for the ills of the choir loft, and, above all things, plainsong sung by the congregation. Thus, we are assured, will the regeneration of ecclesiastical music be effected. The doctrine is enthusiastically propounded and to the non-musical imagination has a plausible ring, but on close reflection it brings to mind thoughts similar to those that clever young Englishman Alec Waugh has expressed in writing of the regeneration of mankind by means of universal education: "The millennium, we are told, is round the corner. The finest intellects of thirty centuries may have failed to find it, but the farm laborer has only to spend a few half-hours with an English grammar to discover it at his feet. It must be very nice to believe all that. . . ."

So, many of us raise inquiring eyebrows when we hear it said that a realization of the ideal in Divine worship will be achieved when the unmusical and untrained layman in the pew is persuaded to interest himself in singing the "Credo de Angelis." We smile when we are informed that the dignity which is at present lacking in much of our service music will be supplied when the children of the parochial schools have been taught to sing the melodies of the *Kyriale* in the thoroughly emasculated fashion made—alas—too familiar by the work of a faction prominent among Gregorianists. There are many of us who doubt if these claims can be fundamentally true for the efforts of the claimants do not, apparently, tend to produce anything which may rightly be called either musical or liturgical. Congregational singing has, indeed, its place in the service but to think that the artistic problem will be solved when the people compete with the choir is frivolous. Further, we must not forget that the office of chorister is a distinctive and important one in the Catholic Church. It clearly approaches to the position of a minor order. Choristers are more than "paid music-makers"; they share in the ceremonial ministry of the clergy.

In an article entitled "The Reform of Church Music," (written for the *Atlantic Monthly* in April, 1906, and reprinted in February, 1930, in the Popular Liturgical Library), Mrs. Justine Bayard Ward, who is so well known by reason of her activities in connection with the Pius X School at Manhattanville College, says: "Modern liturgical music, if it succeeds in being non-scandalous, becomes, at best, negative. . . ." That is to say, it either distracts by its impropriety or fails to stimulate because of its lack of character. Very few acquainted with modern church music will be moved to receive this unqualifiedly, for much modern work when judged by the canons set forth in "The Instruction on Sacred Music" of Pope Pius X will be found to be neither scandalous nor negative. In this document we read that plainsong is ideal for liturgical purposes because it possesses preeminently the qualities postulated of sacred music:

(a) "Sanctity," (it must exclude all profanity in itself or its execution);

(b) "Goodness of form," (it must be true art for otherwise it cannot be expected to affect the hearers in the desired manner);

(c) "Universality," (it must appeal to the musical taste of all nations).

The "Motu Proprio" goes on to state that not only plainsong but the work of the polyphonic school and *musica hodierna* (modern music) which follows the manner of the plainsong, are suitable for Divine worship. Now obviously this does not mean, as some suppose, that music to be truly liturgical must be written in the "modal" rather than in the "modern" tonality, or that it must slavishly imitate, in sham-Gothic revival fashion, the outward form of plainsong; but rather, that it must possess the qualities postulated of all sacred music as enumerated above. Hence we derive the principle that any music (be it ancient or modern) which is holy, which is true art, and which is of a character to appeal universally, is not only correct but eminently fitting for liturgical use. A multitude of modern works satisfy these requirements, in some cases to a degree greater than that enjoyed by certain hackneyed pieces of plainsong (for it is admitted that not every melody in the *Graduale* or *Antiphonale* is as excellent musically as is the large portion of plainsong).

Would it not be more productive if, instead of preaching "Plainsong only," those truly interested in the reform of church music were to devote their energies to aiding in the foundation of good choirs to do the best in *all* music, choirs which would embrace in their programs the finest compositions of every age? We shall have choirs of this sort only when there have been established choral foundations of the type instituted by the Church in the middle ages and chiefly represented today by the choir schools of the English cathedral and collegiate churches. The only examples at present existing in America have been founded and are administered and controlled by the Protestant Episcopal Church. That there is not in the entire length and breadth of the land a single Catholic choir school is a grossly discreditable condition of affairs. Choir schools not only lessen the labor of those in charge of church music and insure the efficient and inspirational performance of the liturgy, but they foster the love of the arts in the young and promote culture among the laity on whom the effect of listening to good music is of greater spiritual importance than is often supposed. Choral organizations nursed on these foundations are competent to embrace in their repertories the best sacred music of all time. They are

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neither obliged, by lack of ability, to confine themselves to the simplest of the plainsong melodies, nor wont, because of lack of true taste, to devote all their efforts to what Pius X called the "stylis theatricalis."

Why spirituality and the prayerful attitude in musical composition should be assumed to have ceased after the close of a certain period in history, and why a man born in the twentieth century should be presumed thereby less capable of praising God in music than a man born in the eleventh, is something which not everyone understands. In a lecture given to undergraduates at Cambridge a quarter of a century ago it was said: "In theology we are invited to compose our differences by a common act of homage to the first six, or two, or fifteen centuries. But the epoch-makers themselves have known better." There are, unfortunately, those active in the field of ecclesiastical music who do not "know better," and who would arrest all progress in sacred music by having modern writers force their thoughts into the outgrown mold of an earlier age. "All that historical reversions can do," says W. Wallace, "is to suggest that in the onward movement something precious has been left behind which it were well to recover before going further." Recognition of this truth will hardly justify us if, in our enthusiasm, we shut our eyes and ears to precious things yet to be.

NOW WE ARE HOME AGAIN

By DOROTHY DAY

FOR TWO long suummers I have been away from my little house on the shore of the island. We had rented it to friends and had gone traveling and working elsewhere. Now we are home again, Teresa and I, to find the garden overgrown with weeds, my perennials strangely distributed around the neighborhood and no longer in my own flowerbeds, fish-lines and ten-foot poles strung around the room, a box of dead and dried worms and clams left under a couch on the back porch, and fish-hooks stored on the little shelf over the door where a cross used to be and where now a giant spider crab hangs on the wall.

The crucifix had been moved and hung in the attic, which Teresa and I make our sleeping quarters, and in the bustle of spring cleaning and home-coming I did not transfer it to its usual place for some weeks. In those weeks the rain poured down, the wind howled dismally around the house, I sprained my knee digging clams, Teresa had another attack of malaria, I was tormented with poison ivy, three short stories were turned down by magazines and in general life was dismal.

One evening as Teresa was getting ready for bed and knelt to say her prayers, she turned around to the shelf over which the ugly, but biologically interesting, specimen hung.

"There is no cross there," she said, "so I'll just say my prayers to the spider crab."

Then and there we delayed the going to bed until the shelf had been nicely dusted, a little rose-studded shawl from Mexico hung over it, and the crucifix brought down from the attic and a few hyacinths from the garden placed in front of it.

We both slept very well that night, in spite of the howling of the wind which sounded like devils battering against the little house. I can laugh at myself for my Irish forebodings, but I believe in devils as I do in angels. I have heard them before in the gloomy melancholy of the wind and have felt that I have had a glimpse of hell in a sudden knowledge of the horror of the absence of God. I have felt a devil in the shape of a little fly which buzzed about my ear as I walked two miles home on a hot summer afternoon, after I had been gossiping with a friend about a neighbor.

But now with the spider crab hanging from a nail over the dining-room table in its proper place, the sun has come out, Teresa is better, my poison ivy is gone, my young brother has his first job on the country paper, I have been given work for the summer in the way of garden interviews, and life is serene and happy once more.

The island is ten miles long and four miles wide and, although there is a railroad running from one end of it to another, it would be necessary to walk miles and miles to interview the members of the horticultural clubs. So though my salary did not warrant it, I have bought myself a car. It is eight years old and it cost only $35.00. But with license plates, new tires, and the things that needed adjusting such as the carburetor, coils, wires, etc., I found that within a couple of weeks I had paid $75.00, all told. Now it is running smoothly and Teresa and I whirl around the country roads at a dizzying speed (twenty miles an hour) and stop off at old farmhouses and beautiful estates and dingy, little new houses and bright and shining new houses, and talk to their occupants about flowers.

We find people raising other things too: alligators, large ones, in little green houses; bull frogs in fish pools; newts and salamanders in terrariums; turtles, birds, rabbits, even snakes. Teresa thinks my job is great fun, especially since she is often presented with flowers and plants for her own little garden, and other things, such as a parasol, and a kitten!

She had long wanted a kitten but we had been traveling around so much that it was impossible to keep one. It is true we had two little ones in Xochimilco, Mexico. We got them when we were living in our stone house with the thatched roof, to scare away the field mice which ran across the bed at night. The kittens didn't do much good. We locked them in at night, but in the morning they used to run back to the Indian's wattle hut next door where there was a fat pig and several turkeys, both alive and in the shape of *mole* plentifully spiced with peppers, to keep them company, inside and out.

But our kitten here is very much with us. He thinks his tray of sand is to play in, and he jumps in and out, scattering sand all around, hunting for an occasional pebble. When I cuffed him the other day for a misdemeanor—very cold-bloodedly, for I was in a happy humor and only meant to remind him that some things aren't done—Teresa looked at me with astonishment.

"You made my eyes get swampy when you did that to my little cat," she said reproachfully.

It is fun to get in the car and go jouncing along to see new places and people, and both the places and people are very nice, having to do with flowers and birds and beasts as they do. We jump and leap occasionally, "like a goat" Teresa says, but generally the car runs smoothly. Once we got stuck on the side of Grymes Hill, where Maxim Gorki and Dickens visited when they were here. (Little is known about their stay.) It is a very steep hill, and I bore down on the foot brake so hard that my sprained knee started hurting grievously.

"We just can't do anything," Teresa said in her resigned way, "so we'll just admire the scenery." We were concentrating on this when a truck came along and nosed us up to the top very kindly.

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We never telephone people we are coming, because the nicest ones are the quiet ones who don't like to be interviewed, and we find that it serves better just to walk in on them and trust to luck that they will be hospitable and talkative about their plants. Mrs. Stirn, a nice old German woman, was a pleasant refuge to us after our strain and excitement of getting there, and we sat on her terrace looking out over the Narrows, and talked of Capri and Axel Munthe and many other things besides flowers, while Teresa tried to catch a little snake which had clumsily fallen down out of the rock garden into a tiny pool of water which was made there for birds and rabbits.

Our own garden is not doing so very well. The soil is full of clay which hardens like cement; the five pounds of grass seed which I sowed have been blown away or eaten by the starlings, and what is left is coming up in a most haphazard manner. But the irises which used to form a hedge around the house and are now in clumps, are bursting into flower, and the forsythia is blooming like bursts of sunshine around the house. Just beyond my little lawn and the wild cherry and apple trees, the ground dips sharply to the sands, which are as yellow and as warm as ever. The bay is a calm grey blue today, and the little waves chuckle along the beach.

Every afternoon we lie in the sun there and keep very still to hear the last of the gulls who are on their way further north for the summer and to listen to the water and the land birds. Sometimes Lefty, who has a vocation for poverty, comes out of his shack, where he lives winter and summer, and skins eels and washes clams for his supper and keeps us company. He does not like money, nor need it, and lives by exchange, bringing a mess of fish to the barber for a haircut and digging worms for fishermen in exchange for groceries and loaning out his boat for kerosene to fill his lamp. He heats and cooks in his little shack by a driftwood fire.

Down in Mexico I had the endless lagoons of Xochimilco on every side, with the mountains rising up around them. Here are the long reaches of the bay. Down there I was surrounded by a garden full of violets, roses, cactus flowers, calla-lilies and pomegranate trees, but never a blade of grass. Here is green, lush green, everywhere.

Down there in the country I lived in a house where the doors and windows were of solid oak and had to be taken down in the morning to let light into the place. It is a land which cannot afford glass windows in the country places. But here there are six windows looking out on the meadows, the sands and the bay.

I am very glad to be home again, to be cultivating my own bit of soil, to be living in my own house and to feel, for the time at least, that I am never going to leave it again. There is beauty here too, a lovely, gentle beauty of cultivated gardens and woodlands and shore. We picked flowers the other day in the woods—dogwood, wild lily of the valley, quince blossoms, blueberry blossoms and the last of the violets. Along the road we gathered sweet clover to put in the hot attic, where its fragrance will be distilled and fill the house, and Teresa sighed happily, "Flowers and grass and things are so beautiful, they just hurt my feelings."

The Assumption

Prince Gabriel knelt where Mary lay
In Death's hushed house, beneath the sward,
And softly called. She answered him,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

CHARLES J. QUIRK.

ARABS AT ALGIERS

By GORDON BODENWEIN

IN THE Place du Gouvernement we watch them with a sort of bewildered fascination, passing by in their red fezes, or wrapped up, bare-footed, in colored mantles, desert folk in turbans and burnouses. In the mosques seated upon the endless carpets they perform their ritual, bowing and inclining according to the precepts of the prophet, washing first feet, legs, arms, at the fountains. We marvel at the wonderful dexterity of the small children at the rug factory as they weave at their looms with unconscious carelessness and skilful speed. Or we meditate briefly on life's vagaries and unfathomable destines at the tombs in the Cemetery of the Princesses. And in the Jewish district, with its great white synagogue, we see the ladies of the harem shopping, veiled and shrouded, with penciled eyes and painted finger-tips.

At the New Mosque, however, when it is pointed out that the building was designed by the slave architect in the form of a Greek cross, a feat for which he was put to death, we come face to face with tragedy in the reminder of a barbarous past. So too in the Cathedral of St. Philippe, formerly the family mosque of the bey, when near the door we come upon the sarcophagus of an Arab martyr (*ossa venerabilis servi Dei Geronimi*) who, refusing to renounce the Christian faith, was buried alive in a block of cement—the gruesome witness of whose agony is found in the plaster cast in the museum, its most interesting object. Not even the splendors of the adjoining former palace of the bey, its shining tiles, the twisted columns of its courtyard, the cubby-hole in the wall where sat the favorite wife to listen in on the conversations of her noble lord, nor the secret stairs down which, when times were troubled, the latter was wont to flee, seem to atone for cruelties such as these.

Up, therefore, from these modern contrasts and memories of ancient conflict, up those tortuous stone steps into the real Arab quarter of today. Certainly here we shall find that unrelieved touch of color, that note of living romance, of which we have been in search. Narrower become the streets and more remote the clamor of the town below. Overhanging houses shut out the glare of the sun from above, and slashing light and shadow upon the whitewashed walls add their mystery and unreality to surroundings already sufficiently strange. Here a vista of enclosed balconies and supporting cedar poles, there a fine carved doorway, deserve the attention of an artist. Around corners and down alleys more noisome than those of any similar mediaeval hill town in all Europe, finally we come upon the streets of shops. In little cubicles the Arab merchants carry on their trades: a street of butchers, a street of tailors, a street of silversmiths. Another street there is too, far longer than the rest and more populated, best seen in garish illumination after dark, where the women wear no veils and have their cheeks tattooed, from which at night arise the din of clamorous wild music and the howls and shrieks of native revelry.

But there grows upon us a sense of unaffected dismay as our visit nears its end. For with all that is bizarre and unusual there remains a sense of revulsion, a sense of horror at what lies behind these evidences of an alien civilization. There has been too much that has been disagreeable, too many dingy, dirty byways, too many rags, too much that has been unkempt and unclean. Only a repetition of this impression is made by the crowding natives at the station seeking the chance of a tip, surging about the exits, continually chased and kicked at by the French soldiers in charge. Only a further feeling of untold

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weariness awaits us when we behold the groups of half-naked begging children along the Boulevard de la République, brothers to those unhappy wretches already seen packed into the coffee houses up on the hill and huddled in their study hall over the pages of the Koran.

It has been a disillusionment, this, our first vision of the Arab, and our idea of romance has been put sadly out of joint. Gone are the ancient walls of this famous city, gone the gates and minarets, gone too those immemorial barbaric splendors, pomps and cruelties that once held sway. The descendants of the Barbary pirates whose depredations brought terror far and wide, who held captive at one time in this city alone 20,000 Christian slaves, against whom Spanish, English and even American forces were enlisted in years gone by, are today truly a sorry spectacle. Perhaps at other places, at Casablanca or Marràkesh, conditions are better, the Arab a more alluring creature, less given to filth and disease. But we suspect that what we have seen is but a mean example of the natural product of Arabian civilization. And for this we would lament, joining in the petition inscribed above the altar of the black Virgin at her local shrine: "Our Lady of Africa, pray for us and for the Mohammedans."

COMMUNICATIONS

AFTER MR. HOOVER

Carmel, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The moratorium proposal of President Hoover came just *à la bonne heure* and thereby averted what had threatened to be a most dangerous financial collapse and political crash in Germany. The situation there was deteriorating so rapidly that an immediate crisis seemed unavoidable. The President with sound judgment and business perspicacity took the reins in hand and by his speedy action saved the day. This move offered the world, particularly Germany, a new hope. The suspension of debts for a year is an important step in the right direction, and American citizens should be proud that it came from the United States.

Perhaps the outstanding impression proffered by the Hoover proposal is the veiled suggestion of the definite ending of the Young Plan forever. Germany absolutely must not be forced to continue paying the present exorbitant annual tribute laid down by this plan. Fixed payments in a time of falling prices tend to prolong depression greatly. No country where there are 4,500,000 unemployed, 16,000,000 earning 100 marks a month ($24.00) and 30,000,000 having a monthly income of 200 marks ($48.00) is going to continue very long the payment of unproductive annuities to wealthy creditor nations on the ridiculous theory of Germany's sole responsibility for the precipitation of the war. Above all, the extension of this tribute to two or three future generations is dangerously unwise. The present year's respite will do much toward restoring to normalcy world finances, but it is of assured benefit only if it represents a temporary measure previous to further action.

The Great War was settled by the Versailles Treaty, *une paix malpropre,* and this settlement marked the establishment by the armies of Great Britain and the United States of French hegemony on the Continent. French military supremacy continues to the present to preserve the sanctity of the treaty, which does little more than foster unspeakable hatred among the peoples of Europe in an endeavor to enslave such countries as Austria and Hungary, and to hold impoverished one of the greatest nations of the world: Germany. This document of unparalleled falsehoods, with special reference to Article 231 which positively precludes any remote possibility of a just and sensible settlement by research of "die Kriegschuldfrage," represents today the greatest menace to European peace. The presence of this malicious condemnation of the German people, by far the greatest of the manifold great lies in connection with the last war, seems to remove all moral basis for the Versailles Treaty.

By Article 231 and the Covering Note signed during that year by Clemenceau, modern French Cato, there is established a war mentality for millions of unborn children. This must be demobilized for the safety of Europe and ultimately of America. This can be achieved only by the removal of this immoral untruth from the treaty. Three great empires were sacrificed at the altar of Ares during the last conflict to "make the world safe for democracy," and thus was the path cleared for Fascism and Communism. It was purported to be "the war to end wars," and it succeeded only in sewing the seeds destined to grow into greater wars, and in saving Allied capital. Another war threatens to be the last word in barbarism: the bloodiest holocaust of the ages. Only by the absolute destruction of the pervading spirit of the Versailles Treaty can the world be made safe for peace!

President Hoover has suggested merely a debt suspension, but it may lead to greater things. Many of us fervently hope so. To abolish the Young Plan would be a stepping-stone. To call a conference of the heads of the governments involved for a discussion of treaty revisions, territorial adjustments, reduction of the reparations to a minimum and the removal of the clause claiming Germany to be solely guilty of the war, would be a harbinger of a new era of good-will and international understanding. It would instil the much-desired confidence into discouraged and weary peoples. The most valuable aspect of the American move is the opportunity and hope it offers in looking beyond the immediate present to something greater forthcoming. The evidence it provides of America's interest in Germany's resurrection is also comforting. It is the most genuine move dedicated to peace that has emanated from the White House. It will be far more efficacious, if followed through, than disarmament discussions which merely lend suspicion and national impotency and seldom effect any emotional improvement among the participating nations. It bespeaks a truer and more virile desire for friendship and peace than all the bland loquacity of the few pacifistic ministers, spinsters and rabbis, "2½ percenters," and naturally dissenting Socialists. That sort of thing is fanaticism of the type that so disillusioned "Henricus Fordicus Pacifisticus Americanus optimus maximus et simplicissimus" during the Great War.

In its present form the Hoover plan is hardly an inspiring one, save for the hope that it brings and the assurance that Great Britain and the United States have at last reached the conclusion that the existing tenor of the way is uneven and must be altered. For too long a time has our country labored under the impression that the Reich sought dishonestly to shirk its obligations. They had not recalled that inground principle so dear to the heart of every German and of such paramount importance to them: "Deutsches Herz, verzage nicht, Tu was dein Gewissen spricht." Have Americans finally realized that it simply cannot be done? Destruction or Bolshevism threaten Germany if she is forced. Adjustments are essential, if only from selfish motives. The present plan is not an adequate solution, but it can lead to one.

JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE, IV.

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WHAT LAY RETREATS ACCOMPLISH

El Retiro San Inigo, Los Altos, Calif.

TO the Editor: In a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL Mr. George N. Shuster discusses very ably the recent brochure of Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara on Catholic evidence work in the United States. Through a curious oversight, Mr. Shuster failed to mention what is perhaps the most important of all the means suggested for the promotion of Catholic Action, the lay retreat movement.

I call this omission curious because I am fully aware, from previous correspondence with Mr. Shuster, how deeply he appreciates retreats for the laity. I am sure he is well acquainted with what Pope Pius XI has written on the "Spiritual Exercises" as a foundation for Catholic Action. Moreover, he must have often heard his distinguished colleague, Mr. Michael Williams, express himself on the benefits to be gained from a yearly pilgrimage to a retreat house.

Strange as it may seem, this failure to emphasize the importance of retreats is common enough among writers for the Catholic press. There are, of course, notable exceptions. But speaking by and large, it would seem that our writers, both lay and clerical, are timid about referring to retreats in connection with Catholic evidence work or other forms of Catholic Action. Why? Surely our Catholic writers know that the strong, fearless lay apostolate which they visualize will not become a reality among us unless our laymen learn to meditate and pray. The retreat teaches them how to do both. Besides, without aiming at being a school of apologetics, the retreat gives to the layman a clearer, more accurate and more comprehensive knowledge of the doctrines of the Church.

Do you wish your average layman to read Catholic literature? Take him away from his daily paper. Let him browse a bit in the lounge room of a retreat house. There he will find THE COMMONWEAL, *America,* the *Catholic World,* his diocesan paper, and other Catholic publications at hand for his leisure moments. At table during meals he will hear read aloud a good Catholic book. The retreat will start him right.

We are told that lectures to non-Catholics have largely fallen into decay. This may be true. But on the other hand many non-Catholics are finding their way into retreat houses. Such men may never enter the Church. But they will never become bigots. On the contrary they will be found among the most zealous defenders of Catholicism. I heard a non-Catholic saying to his son, a lad of eighteen, after the two had attended the exercises of a retreat: "My boy, you have seen a great church in action. Whether you ever become a Catholic depends upon yourself. But after what you have witnessed down here, never allow anyone in your presence to vilify the Catholic Church."

Not long ago a well-known Protestant clergyman made a retreat with a group of Catholics. Speaking over the radio the following Sunday, he said: "To say that I, a Baptist minister, with no Roman Catholic antecedents whatsoever, could suddenly plunge into a Catholic retreat without some embarrassing mental and functional readjustments, would be a pious fallacy. Yet after the first strangeness had worn off, one soon got beneath the form down to the bedrock of realities one sought. And when you got into those realms of fundamental truth, you found yourself approaching something which approximated common ground." It is hard to believe that this reverend gentleman, after taking part in Catholic devotions, attending Mass and listening to the explanations of Catholic doctrine, will ever be anything less than the Church's friend.

Some of our Catholic papers make a point of playing up retreat stories. They feature them on the first page and comment on them editorially. This is an effective means of furthering the best interests of the Church. I might cite the Pittsburgh *Catholic.* Scarcely a week passes without a leading article on some phase of retreat activity appearing in its columns. Small wonder that a militant laity are found coöperating with the bishop and his splendid priests in their efforts to make Pittsburgh a Catholic city.

REV. JOSEPH R. STACK, S.J.

REUNION PROSPECTS IN RUMANIA

Garrison, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Americans who read in the special cable to the New York *Times* from Sinaia, Rumania, of the address made by the Reverend Prince Vladimir Ghika to the Archduke Anton and Princess Ileana on the occasion of their wedding on July 26, may be interested in reading the following quotation from an article contributed to the London *Tablet* of October 13, 1923, by Miss Anna Christich, with reference to the ordination of Prince Ghika, who has for a number of years been pastor of the Rumanian Greek Catholic Church in Paris:

"An event significant for the whole Orthodox world took place in Paris last Sunday, when Prince Vladimir Ghika received sacred orders at the hands of Cardinal Dubois. Twenty years ago this scion of one of Rumania's most ancient ruling houses joined the Catholic Church. The conversion of a grandson of the National Orthodox Sovereign of Moldavia (Prince Gregory Ghika X, promoter of the union of all Rumanian principalities) and son of Prince John Ghika, general and diplomat, created consternation in high circles of Rumania. . . . Prince Ghika, who already possessed French classical and scientific degrees, set himself at once after his conversion to the study of Catholic theology and secured a doctorate at the University of Louvain. He wished to prepare for the priesthood without delay, but the Holy Father judged it wiser that he should continue yet awhile to exercise the lay apostolate in his own country for which his rank and attainments peculiarly fitted him. As member of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, Prince Ghika ministered to the poor of Bucharest. As lecturer of distinction he held the attention of the upper classes of Rumania. But perhaps the most signal service he rendered to the Church, before the Great War, was the introduction of the Sisters of Charity, who soon won among the Orthodox Rumanians the esteem and affection accorded to them wherever their activities get fair play. During the Balkan War, Father Ghika was a volunteer in the cholera ambulance, and after Rumania joined the Allies in 1916 he was called upon to perform diplomatic functions between the Rumanian government and the Vatican. He had already collaborated in 1914 in the framing of the Serbian Concordat.

"The prince's ardent love of country is recognized even by those extreme nationalists of Rumania who are liable to confuse Orthodoxy with Rumanian patriotism. A firm believer in the ultimate conversion of Rumania because of the divine mission of the Church to all nations, he sees in post-war Rumania a better opportunity for denationalizing religion and bringing the newly liberated Uniat Rumanians into clear contact with their Orthodox kinsmen. The latter must be helped to realize how slight are the differences of creed that bar their way to the benefits of jurisdiction from Rome, and that no alien nation has the monopoly of the Catholic faith. Although pertaining himself to the Latin rite, Prince Ghika is very much alive to the value of the Oriental rite in the matter of reunion, and

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hopes to use both liturgies alternately, according to the needs of the different districts of Rumania where his missionary work may take him. . . .

"There are in Rumania today 300,000 Catholics of the Latin rite. This figure includes a small number of converts among the educated classes, the rest being equally divided between native Rumanians and foreigners. As Prince Ghika rightly remarks, the future of the Church is principally bound up with the Uniats, of whom there are over two and a half million within the boundaries of Greater Rumania. . . . The Reverend Doctor Vladimir, Prince Ghika, will be a powerful factor in dispelling prejudice and smoothing the inevitable road to Rome."

LAWRENCE MAYNARD GRAY.

TROTZKY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: At last we have an understanding and truthful description of what was happening in St. Petersburg in the first days of the Revolution, and from no less a witness than Trotzky himself in his articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

I have maintained that not one of us who was there and saw it, not the ambassadors, nor the government and court people, nor the correspondents and writers who have written libraries about it since, had the slightest idea of what was going on, or could have. I have often wondered if those behind the Revolution knew, and Trotzky not only admits that they did not but asserts "categorically" that "no one, positively no one, then thought that February 23 was to mark the beginning of the successful drive against absolutism." Having witnessed it all, I have sometimes felt sadly out of place or very stupid when hearing lectures or reading explanatory books of some who were there also and of some who were not. I recognize every incident described by Trotzky. His account of it is a living thing, and fair; it happened that way. It was the genius of Lenin and Trotzky that turned what was happening to their purposes.

Nobody who ever watched those two men, or heard them speak, or had in any way to do with them, would deny their genius.

Trotzky is once more proving it in these articles, far and away the best that have been written, in which he once more emerges into civilization, calm, historically critical and sane: one whom one could not possibly associate with the Terror and a deliberate attempt to wipe out the world rather than remedy its evils. It is truly something in one's life to have known such a person at close range.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

FATHER EDWARDS THANKS YOU

Vigan, Ilocos Sur, P. I.

TO the Editor: I would like to place a wreath to the Unknown Benefactor. The appeal for reading matter made in your review met a speedy and generous reply. Many of the forwarders, however, did not indicate their addresses, and while respecting and admiring their don't-let-thy-right-hand-know-what-thy-left-doeth attitude, still the burden of gratitude lies too heavily on my conscience for me to remain silent. I wish to thank them all, *in cumulo,* for their interest, their kindness and their ready response. It was very nice of THE COMMONWEAL to extend its coöperation.

REV. EDWARD J. EDWARDS.

BOOKS

More Tolstoy

Tolstoy: Literary Fragments, Letters and Reminiscences Not Previously Published; issued under the authority of the Tolstoy family; edited by René Füllöp-Miller; translated by Paul England. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

THIS is an exceedingly interesting book, and one which will prove invaluable to all students of Tolstoy's writings and personality, although it is not absolutely exact that all its contents have not previously been published. I distinctly remember having already read some of them in Russian magazines or reviews. It is also certain that among the mass of still unpublished material left by the great Russian writer, there are things which might have been selected in preference to those which are presented to us in the volume edited by Mr. René Füllöp-Miller. It is doubtful whether foreign readers can understand the background of such essentially Russian works as "The Dekabrists" and the "Vivion," or "The Nihilist."

On the other hand, the hitherto unpublished letters of Tolstoy which figure in the book are of surpassing interest, and make one regret their number is so small, because they give us an insight into the soul of this genius such as has never been given before. At times they reveal an almost prophetic appreciation of the great problems with which mankind is confronted.

These letters, though essentially human, are nevertheless not those of a humanitarian; the ideals they patronize are impossible to attain in our modern society or, in fact, in any society at all. After reading them one realizes how, and why, their writer finally was driven to seek peace outside of his family surroundings, and became in fact the iconoclast of his own home, a rebel in the midst of an organized world, which at the time seemed to repose upon principles of law and order. These Tolstoy always scorned, always disdained, always condemned. Writing from Paris to a friend in 1857, he says for instance that "the state is a conspiracy for the purpose not only of exploiting the citizens, but of demoralizing them as well. And the laws made by man for political ends seem to me all so horribly dishonest that I cannot distinguish better from worse!" Tolstoy was the greatest nihilist of his time. Like all nihilists he denied everything, but imagined that this denial did not imply the destruction of the existent order of things.

The book closes with the prophetic words uttered by Tolstoy in 1905, while Russia was in the throes of her first agrarian revolution: "The time is at hand," he said, "when there will be no government in Russia; let us show the peasants that it is possible to live without it!" Unfortunately this was the very thing which neither he nor his followers were able to teach to the Russian people and to those muzhiks he praised so much but never really understood.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Understanding Art

Design and the Idea, by Allen Tucker. New York: The Arts Publishing Corporation. $1.00.

Readings in Art Appreciation, by Alfred Mansfield Brooks. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $2.50.

THERE is more good advice to the painter and the critic of painting in Mr. Tucker's little slip of a book than there might be in a shelf of pompous tomes. What Mr. Tucker does is to analyze the essentials of design—form, line, color, light and space—and then to analyze composition, which is the

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arrangement of these essentials in balance, unity, rhythm and contrast. He does this simply, tersely, allusively—no jargon, no quarter given to ugliness, no beating about the bush of modernism. To him a beautiful thing is not only beautiful; it is accountably beautiful. There is excellent caution given about working in black and white to the detriment of one's color sense, and there is a fine page of suggestions for the attainment of internal balance in space composition. Mr. Tucker agrees with Leon Berthelini in Stevenson's "Providence and the Guitar" that "Art . . . is a life to be lived." And so he tells the artist to stick to his last, to see visions, to be ever practising composition within a rectangle, to use everything in nature to further the power of his design, and not to peter out at forty.

The common sense in these eighty-two pages is very uncommon. It is a sound philosophy of art that would tell us to "remember that art changes but does not develop." This is, as it were, a little book of devotions for the artist. He should keep it on his bedroom table and read it morning and night. Nothing else of its type could so help to foster a lovely and vital art.

Mr. Brooks's compilation of writings by "great authors" on "great artists and their works" is divided into four sections—the first on the purpose and meaning of art, and the other three on architecture, painting and sculpture, respectively. The selections offer sometimes widely varying opinions. For instance, to Louis Sullivan the free spirit of art is not humble; the mediaevalists, Viollet-le-Duc and Kingsley Porter, think that it should be. There are many selections from Ruskin, for he was a great if sometimes a narrow critic. He did not understand, it seems to me, Southern building, but his writings on architectural mass and shade, on roofs and towers, on Titian and Turner, are unsurpassed. Whistler, too, is included with that famous passage on the relation of art to nature, where he writes that even if "Nature contains the elements, in color and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music . . . to say to the painter, that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano!" Most of the authors in this collection perceive that art is a joining or fitting together of parts. From Pater to Galsworthy, from Gibbon to Cram, they all, with the exception of the iconoclastic Tolstoy, love beauty and know how to express it.

JAMES W. LANE.

In Jail

The Crime of Punishment, by Margaret Wilson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50

THIS historical and analytical indictment of the penal system indicts also a civilization which allows fear, hate, revenge, blood lust and greed to thwart justice and reformation. Criminals are made, not born; the average prisoner is an errant member of the common public: caught, convicted and confined. It is not only a matter of bad morals and morbid psychology. Friendless poverty, wrong-headed laws, harsh sentences and stupid jail methods increase crime.

Modern confinement is as barbarous as the abandoned usages of public pain and shame, the wholesale use of death and transportation; for mental and moral debasement is worse than physical torture. Unnatural treatment does not make crooks straight, it makes men crooks, and doctrinaire philanthropists have proved the worst torturers of all. The Pennsylvania (solitary) system caricatured the Quaker notion of silent communion, and the Spirit of the Cell moved culprits—toward mad-

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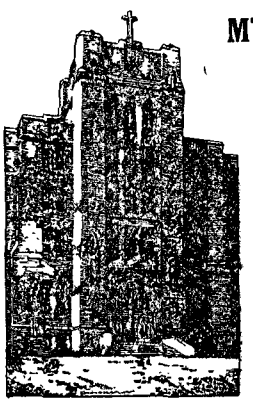

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ness and suicide. The Auburn (silent association) system was exploited by state utilitarians.

It is inaccurate to attribute these distorted forms even remotely to Pope Clement XI's work-in-silence formula. He added "—and prayer"; and his jailors were a religious confraternity. The carven inscriptions on San Michele's walls remain a perfect statement of penological principles, to which modern science has added nothing.

While America persists in "irreligious monasticism," England since 1878 has steadily reduced her jail population. Remedies have been, better laws (one revision alone reduced commitments over 300,000 in four years); swift justice; short sentences; scientific assorting of types, and appropriate training; and normal treatment within the walls. Today the comparative statistics are astounding. New York, one-fourth England's numerical size, has more crime, prisoners and expense.

"The Crime of Punishment" is excellent as a treatise and for reference. Anyone interested in the field should include it in his library.

R. M. PATTERSON, JR.

Reveille to Taps

This Man's War, by Charles F. Minder. New York: The Pevensey Press. $2.00.

THIS book might be the memoirs of the mythical man in the street during the period when he was taken from the street, or governmentally compelled, to the needs of war. It is the record of a civilian who was changed to a soldier by necessity. He served on the western front with the 306th Machine Gun Battalion of the 77th Division. In spite of his service in lengthy combat, this day-by-day record of army life shows that he remained a civilian. He carried on competently and received a sergeant's ranking, but his mind was never of the military cast. From his own account, he was one of the most unusual non-coms in the war. His detail squad was conducted without browbeating methods and yet the work was satisfactory.

The war is reviewed from the training period, through transportation, combat and the inevitable end with a wound or gas or death. A good part of what is observed relates to the life of his squad, frequently fighting in so detached a way as to feel it was fighting alone. But in the lone hours of resting or on watch, the thoughts of Mr. Minder revert to the why of things. Why did he kill men he didn't even know and had no desire to kill? Why was it all right to kill in groups in war—but not singly, in peace time? How could officials make that moral? These quietly, simply recorded thoughts and observations, contain an indictment of war as complete as any yet printed. The questions raised troubled the Fathers of the Church, and the answers since that time have been few and mostly evasions.

EDWIN CLARK.

Sisters

On the King's Highway, by Sister M. Eleanore. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

THE ADVENTURES of the Sisters of Holy Cross in the United States are of unusual interest because of their association with Notre Dame—a center which has, as yet, told us so little about its inward history that Sister Eleanore's book comes naturally by a wider significance than it might otherwise have. Here for instance is the story of Father Basil Moreau, one of those striking French priests of the early nineteenth cen-

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tury who unflinchingly carried on the inward life of the great mystics of the Salesian epoch in spite of revolution and the mass attack of rationalism. But I shall disregard all such matters here because, though important to the book, they mean far less to the author herself than does the life of her community.

This she reveals in a faithful chronicle which reviews the struggles of a brave spiritual homestead in the Indiana backwoods to which four Sisters set out from France in the year 1843, the record of service in education, nursing and kindred works in the decades that followed, and the defile of worthy nuns who one by one earned their long rest in the Lord. But far more valuable to us, perhaps, is the skill with which, half unwittingly, she manifests the spirit in which all was accomplished. It is a book pervaded by an odd sweetness. Occasionally one smiles at epithets, almost endearments, which crop out in a style so charmingly feminine as to seem not of this earth. Who else would have written: "These and others whose names are a benediction to St. Mary's have slipped through the little low gate of death into the pathway down the eternal years where they walk with the white-robed virgin throng, who follow the Lamb wheresoever He goes"?

The book is, therefore, a careful accounting of sacrificial labor for the Church, and of high moments (for instance, the call for Sisters to nurse during the Civil War) when that labor assumed an almost epic significance. It will aid others to know and understand the convent. It should encourage the Sisters themselves to tread carefully but securly in the shadow of their own collective greatness.

PAUL CROWLEY.

On the Air

This Thing Called Broadcasting, by Alfred N. Goldsmith and Austin C. Lescarboura. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

IT IS but two years (and less in some quarters) since publishers lived in hourly terror of the next step in radio's development. To them it said in effect: After me the deluge. Actually the dreaded cloud was tomorrow's rising sun. The situation was a good deal like the one which arose at the beginning of this century, when the phonograph came upon the American scene. Concert and opera managers were aghast. How, they argued—and not without logic—can we ask the townsfolk of, say, Prairie, Indiana, to come out in the snow and winds of the (then) wintry nights to hear Mr. John McCormack or Miss Mary Garden, when they need but sit by the fireside and have all the Irish ballads and French airs of love come to them, for a nominal cash outlay?

What came to pass we all know: the phonograph yielded unheard of royalties to artists—and managers—and increased concert audiences wherever it squawked.

Dr. Goldsmith, one of the authors of "This Thing Called Broadcasting," is general engineer of RCA; his running mate, Mr. Lescarboura, was formerly managing editor of *Scientific America.* Both have many other qualifications for writing radio's "history" to date: perhaps their very act of stopping in their steps to record for the public this "history" is the highest qualification, bespeaking their wise sense of time in connection with any radio question.

The subtitle reads: "A simple tale of an idea, an experiment, a mighty industry, a daily habit, and a basic influence in our modern civilization." And that sub-head says more than any review could say—it is really a synthesized review of reviews.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

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PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH
Subscription $5.00 a year—12 issues by mail
A full prospectus in the same format as the Review, and all particulars will be sent in response to a postcard addressed to:—
The Manager, THE UNIVERSE,
1, Arundel Street, LONDON, W.C. 2.

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

BRIEFER MENTION

A Shakespeare Study Guide, by I. J. Semper. The Century Catholic College Texts. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

PROFESSOR SEMPER'S work will be found an excellent initiation into Shakespeare, not only in the classroom but also in the hands of all those who wish to gain a first and rudimentary access to the Shakespearean drama. The poet's life with its historical, cultural and literary background is treated with a clear-cut concision; the plays are dealt with on the scores of sources, construction, and character analysis. The title of the manual is slightly misleading since Shakespeare's epic and lyric poetry, merely touched upon, does not come within Semper's scope. The reviewer regrets the lack of a chapter on style, which is barely referred to in scattered remarks. Shakespeare's influence would have deserved another chapter; the brief paragraphs devoted to the evolution of Shakespearean criticism do not bring out in sufficient relief Shakespeare's significance as one of the dominant forces in world literature and his rôle as one of the progenitors of the Romantic upheaval. A number of well-chosen illustrations and a selective bibliography add to the value of the outline.

England, the Unknown Isle, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

COHEN-PORTHEIM is surely one of the best German writers on travel themes, and if you should doubt this remark here is a book to prove it. Perhaps it is all a little too smooth and omniscient, but this possibility will hardly occur to one until after many, many chapters have been hungrily absorbed. The book covers everything, makes all the necessary distinctions, opens vistas and supplies perspectives. Even the chapter on English literature is judicious and, beyond that, challenging. While the translation does not conserve all the merits of Cohen-Portheim's original prose, it is quite good enough to keep one of the best books ever written about "the unknown isle" snugly above water.

New England Journal, by Arthur A. Shurcliff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

PROSE which has the tang of Thoreau, and reflection that springs from an individual soul, give Mr. Shurcliff's random journal rare value. It is neither a book of impressions nor a collection of maxims. Its separate pages are simply old-fashioned "thoughts" which catch up beauty, prayer and hard fact. Many will enjoy sitting down with this journal for company. All New England is in it, as much as it can be in any printed thing.

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